

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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— THE —

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

No. 19.	CONTENTS.	Vol. 23.	
CHICAGO IN 1887 (<i>Illustrated</i>)	289	THE TWO APPLICANTS, by S. P. B. 297-298	
THE BOOK OF MORMON LAND, by Hagoth	290	STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION FOR THE YEAR 1887	299
THE PRIMARY SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES, by Alice Merrill	291	TOPICS OF THE TIMES, by The Editor, 300	
FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT	292-293	WHAT THE SANDWICH ISLAND CHIL- DREN ARE DOING, by Homespun	301
THE ROAD TO FORTUNE	293	SCRAP	301
FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS — Angel Workers—Some Boys and Girls— Questions and Answers on Church History, etc.	294-295	A SEALED CITY (<i>Illustrated</i>)	302
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS	296-297	A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE, by C.	303
		TRUST IN GOD AND PERSEVERE, Words and Music by Jas. G. Fones	304

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NOW READY!

THE undersigned takes great pleasure in announcing a forthcoming volume, which was contemplated and partially prepared twenty years ago—when a measurably complete biographical outline of the subject appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The book has been in active progress and revision during the past four years; but has been delayed by circumstances well-known to the public, long past the time at which we had hoped to issue it. It is

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VOL. XXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1888.

NO. 19.

CHICAGO IN 1888.

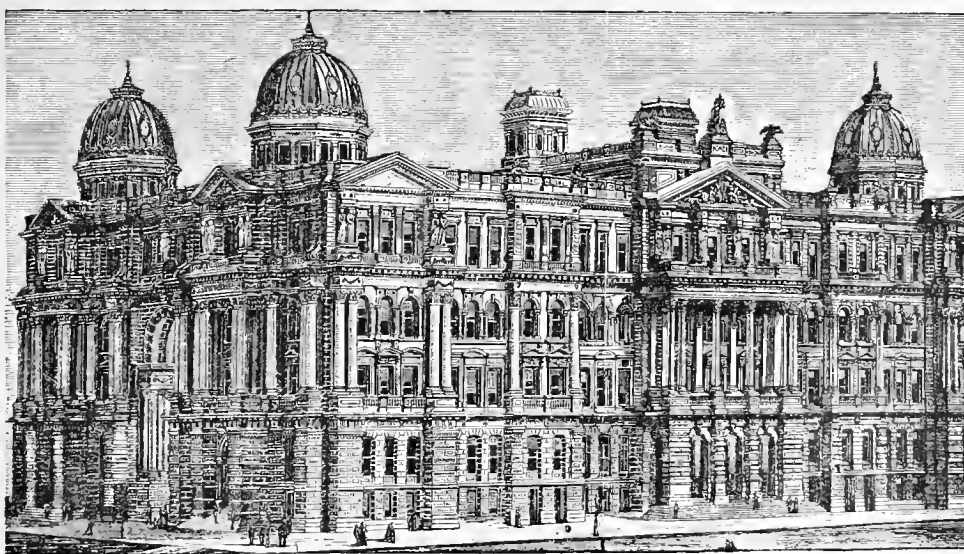
IN No. 18 we gave a picture of Chicago's commencement. Here we present an engraving of the new court house in that great city, a type of Chicago's magnificence of to-day. One has but to glance at the two buildings, the shanty of 1831 and the grand structure of 1888, to realize that the intervening fifty-seven years must have been filled with progress for the vast metropolis on Lake Michigan.

In 1886, the estimated population of Chicago was 750,000. To-day, with the annexed districts, its population is supposed to be nearly, if not quite, one million. In commercial importance it ranks next to New York, having an estimated trade of

As early as 1875, Chicago had 238 houses of public worship, and the Roman Catholic Church owned property within the city limits valued at \$5,000,000. Both the number of churches and the value of church property have been largely increased in the last thirteen years.

The water supply of the city is drawn from two miles out in the lake and conveyed to the city by tunnels. The city has nearly two thousand acres of parks, with thirty-five miles of continuous park drives.

There has been a wonderful growth in the value of real estate, as may be supposed. During periods of activity, an



about \$1,000,000 000 annually; while its bank clearings far exceed that amount every year. The manifest destiny of the city is shown in its speedy recovery from the awful fire of October, 1871, in which 17,450 buildings were destroyed; 98,860 people were rendered homeless; 250 persons perished; and a total valuation of \$196,000,000 was licked up by the flames. This vast fire which would have utterly destroyed many another city has proven a blessing to Chicago in an architectural and business sense. In its business centers to-day the Garden City, as it is called, is the most beautiful in America.

increase of 3,000 per cent. in five years has not been uncommon. As early as 1875, a tract of business property was sold for \$52.50 per square foot, or more than forty thousand times as much as it was worth forty years earlier.

But with all its grandeur, its increase of wealth, and its promise of future prosperity, there are many things in Chicago to which Americans cannot point with pride. The unfaithfulness of public officials there is notorious. The terms "boodle aldermen" and "boodle supervisors" are as commonly used as if the word "boodle" designated the political proclivities of the public officials. And all the marvelous

increase in real estate values and in commercial prestige is purchased at too high a price, when the citizens have to pay ruinous rates of taxation to support bad men in office, and when every child is exposed as he grows into manhood to the worst influences attendant upon our magnificent civilization. It is not very long since Chicago had a mayor who was charged with being in open league with the gamblers and other disreputable people of the city.

The city has had such rapid growth that many of the evils were but natural, though regrettable. It may be that the evolution of community life, which is very rapid in that city, may within a few years—a generation at most—do much to purify and exalt public service and private association. But as to this, the future itself must tell.

No man who has boys or girls to bring up and desires to rear them in purity and good ambitions would care to live in Chicago even with all the promised wealth to be had there.

THE BOOK OF MORMON LAND.

The Egyptian Language.

BY HAGOTH.

YEA, I make a record in the language of my father which consists of the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians. (*Book of Mormon, i, 2.*)

The above statement of Nephi has been used by the enemies of the Book of Mormon as an evidence against its authenticity, on the grounds that it is unreasonable to believe that the Jews in Nephi's time were familiar with the Egyptian, and that Moroni's statement concerning the Reformed Egyptian is a hoax and the Book of Mormon a fraud.

Believing Nephi's words, I have tried to familiarize myself with the true condition of things at Jerusalem in his time.

To begin with I have tried to learn just when the Hebrew language came into existence. It could not have had its origin with Abraham, for he was raised in Ur of the Chaldees; nor with Jacob, for he in youth was sent to Padan-aram, or Haran, which was near Ur, the place of Abraham's birth. We are told Jacob resided in Haran twenty years, married his wives, and had his sons born to him there. Now the language of that country was Chaldaic, and as Jacob conversed freely with the people when he arrived there, we conclude he was familiar with their language. Probably it was his native tongue as it had been that used by his forefathers. This being the case it would appear that his family carried the Chaldaic language with them into Egypt. Jacob's family numbered seventy souls when they came into Egypt. They lived there two hundred and fifteen years. Egypt at this time was at the height of its glory and power. The great pyramid had just been built. Thebes had reached the pinnacle of its splendor and magnificence. We are not told whether or not the Israelites lost their original tongue in Egypt, but judging from similar events in history we conclude that they did. Knight, the English historian, says, "The long residence (seventy years) of the Jews in Babylon after the destruction of Jerusalem, caused the extinction of the Hebrew, as a spoken language, at least among the common people, for after their return to Judea it appears from a passage in Nehemiah that the common people did not understand the scriptures when read to them in the Hebrew language."

If a nation would forget its language in seventy years, it is not probable that persons would preserve theirs two hundred and fifteen years.

Moses was brought up and educated in Pharaoh's house. It is scarcely probable they taught him the language of their Hebrew slaves. I am therefore forced to the conclusion that when the Hebrews left Egypt they knew no language but the Egyptian. If this was the case a long period of time would elapse before they would cease to use it altogether. Naturally enough words and phrases would be grafted in from dialects of surrounding tribes, and thus a difference would grow up which would in time develop into a distinct language. This, in my opinion, is how the Hebrew came into existence. It had its beginning after the exodus and for generations passed through its period of growth and development. Surrounding tribes and nations—Arabia, Babylon, Tyre and Sidon—all had an influence upon it.

It might be claimed that there is no resemblance between the Hebrew characters of to-day and the Egyptian, which we would naturally expect if derived from that source; but let it be remembered that the Hebrew of to-day is not the Hebrew of the time of Solomon or Nephi. On the return of the Jews from Babylon they adopted the Chaldaic form of letters. This will readily be seen by comparing the characters of the old Pentateuch with the Hebrew. It is claimed by scholars that the Phœnician and Samaritan alphabets are the old Hebrew. I might go on and compare them with the Coptic to show their Egyptian origin, but space will not allow; the reader may do so for his own satisfaction.

It is a known fact that a language is often preserved for a long space of time as a written after it has ceased to exist as a spoken language. The present Hebrew and Latin show an illustration of this. In this way I believe the Egyptian to have been preserved by the Israelites for generations, and was so preserved in Nephi's time, and considered an essential part of the education of their children. Hence Nephi's statement that he was educated in the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians.

Furthermore, it is but natural to suppose that Egypt would have its influence upon the architecture of Israel. In Egypt at that time existed in all their splendor those great architectural monuments that were the wonder of the world. It is but natural that the Jews would imitate them. We are informed that the two columns at the front of Solomon's temple were modeled after the Egyptian,—though executed by Herim of Tyre,—and that the lily work was borrowed from the same source. Nephi was familiar with this building and with the prevailing architecture at Jerusalem at this time, and would naturally imitate it in his new home. Further on we shall have more to say on this subject.

REGRETS OF DEATH.—That which has died within us is often the saddest portion of what death has taken away—and to all, and above measure, to those in whom no higher life has been awakened. The heavy thought is the thought of what we were, of what we hoped and proposed to have been, of what we ought to have been, of what but for ourselves we might have been—set by the side of what we are, as though we were haunted by the side of our own youth. This is a thought the crushing weight of which nothing but a strength above our own can lighten.

PRIMARY SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES.

A PAPER READ BY MISS ALICE MERRILL BEFORE THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, OCT. 1, 1888.

THE primary object of Sunday school is for the religious and moral training of the young: that they may lay the very corner stones of their lives in righteousness.

Perhaps next to prayer, attending Sunday school is the first duty a child should be taught. It is not well, however, to compel the little ones to go for fear they may deem it a task or hardship imposed on them, arousing a rebellious spirit so that the effect of the kind instruction given by the teacher will be like that of seed cast upon a desert.

The mingling of children in the capacity of a Sunday school has the best of social effects. Richter says the most important era of life is that of childhood when he begins to color and mould himself by companionship with others.

A child imitates all that he sees: "Everything is to him a model of manner, of gesture, of speech, of habit of character." Therefore if we would develop from our primary classes fine men and women, we should have models for teachers; and we here claim that the first and most important question in reference to our subject is: What are the requirements of a teacher, and who can meet those requirements?

Teachers should possess good moral characters, good religious training, method and discipline, and a certain degree of tact. They should also understand the powers and capabilities of children and how to develop the four natures, viz., æsthetic, physical, mental and moral. A teacher should be master of his material, even as a builder understands just how, when and where to use the various materials of a house.

We are apt to neglect the physical and æsthetic culture of a child, seeking only to develop the moral and mental natures.

A child's taste may receive much training in Sunday school; its body also can be made more perfect by the watchfulness of the teachers.

The Word of Wisdom should be referred to frequently—the instructor explaining the bad results of violating any part of it, for instance, showing the effects of alcoholic drinks on the stomach.

Impure air is poisonous to the blood and causes drowsiness and disorder; therefore the schoolroom should be well ventilated!

Temperature and light should receive consideration. Cross lights and front lights are very injurious to the eyes, a light from the left side is the best.

All our teachings should tend, directly or indirectly to the development of the religious nature, for "what will it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul."

We must first teach the little children to love God. After this great principle is learned we can impart to the child, as its mind is able to comprehend, the laws He has given by obedience to which we prove in a measure our appreciation and gratitude and also work out our own salvation.

We must seek to engender in the little hearts respect and love for those laws rather than the fear that disobedience will bring condemnation.

Tell them that God made the sunshine and the rain, the day and the night, the flowers, the trees, the birds, in fact the

world for us and for our happiness. They will learn to rely on God when they know what great things He has already done.

In all our instruction we should have in our minds a goal to work to, and then use the most systematic and easiest way to reach it.

We are in favor of introducing Biblical and Church stories beginning with the creation and coming down to the present time, as far as they can be adapted to a child's mind, dwelling mainly on Christ and His mission.

The Book of Mormon furnishes many stories as well, and that will be beneficial.

While making the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Church history our standard exercises, the teacher can tell, as opportunity presents, moral stories, teaching such good things as honesty, the power of faith, repentance, kindness, humility consideration and respect for the aged, etc.

The class exercises should be both varied and instructive. Singing can be introduced with the most pleasing results. Motion exercises are very fine for rest and to secure attention when the little ones are tired and noisy. It is well to encourage the members in learning songs and recitations.

It might be interesting to give the programme that was carried out yesterday in our primary class, which consists of something over eighty members:

1. Song by the school, "Good Morning, Kind Teachers."
2. Short lecture from the chart, "Judgment and Mercy," the text being, "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."
3. Songs and recitations by the children.
4. A Frog's Story, from "My Land and Water Friends."
5. Kindergarten song, "Baby is a Sailor Boy."
6. A story from Little Folks' Bible Gallery, entitled, "The First Musical Instrument."
7. Benediction by the teacher, the pupils repeating.

The key to the success of a class is good order, it is heaven's first law and should be ours. Without order nothing can be accomplished, with it there is love and peace, thought and action running on in one continuous stream and mingling in beautiful harmony. There is no need of being quiet as death, but the teacher and pupils should all give their individual attention to the subject in hand. To preserve order signals should be given for rising, passing, etc. Allow little girls to go first, and all should bow a good morning to teacher, receiving in return bright smiles and pleasant words. It is far better to rule by love than fear, gentle words will do more than violent actions.

Teach little boys to raise their hats in salutation, and Sunday school teachers, make it a point to recognize your little students whenever you meet them. Do not mind if the little girl's dress is shabby or the little boy's coat is patched: they cover hearts that will some day be possessed by righteous or unrighteous men and women according to the light they have received and the strength they have acquired. We must learn to simplify our remarks as much as possible, remembering that the vocabulary of children is not extensive. Do not confine classes when you know they are weary, rather let them out. Otherwise they will acquire a distaste for Sunday school.

Teachers, let us spare no pains that will conduce to the pleasure or good of the little people or add one charm to the Sunday school. We feel that much can be done if we are faithful in our duties, we wish to encourage all teachers to continue in the work of helping to develop the little ones in our care.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

BY E. E.

(Continued from page 277.)

IT did not take many days after the marriage to convince Mary of the poverty of the man whom she called husband, but it was several weeks before he acknowledged the fact to her. She did not accuse him, for she could see that he desired to tell her but had not the courage. When he finally told her that he was poor—that at the time of their marriage he only had money enough to pay the squire, and that even the shirt he wore was not his own—it was not much of a blow.

Mary many times went very hungry for days together, but was too proud to let any of her friends know her circumstances. Once in a while she went home to her mother and got a meal, but as soon as her father found she was there he would leave his work and go home to drive her away.

Whenever John got a position to work, which he often did because Mary was so good a worker, and had earned a little money, he took that little and bought liquor. Of course when he got drunk his employers would discharge him.

When Mary saw that he gave way to an appetite for drink, it caused more sorrow than all else besides. She plead with him each time to overcome this appetite, and each time he made good promises and resolutions; only, however, to break them in a few days.

It did not take long for people to lose all confidence in him, and he could not get work anywhere. Then the young wife became almost distracted with grief, for it was too much for her to have everything to pay for with her work so cheap, and she suffered both hunger and cold. She would not go to her mother very often, for her mother's heart was heavy with care, and the bad treatment of Angle. Consequently Mary thought it was better to hide her own grief, and suffer for little things, than to distress her mother. Often at night Mary would hunt her husband at the saloon, and plead with him to come home. He would always return with her, and the next morning he would be repentant and make good promises of abstinence, but his promises were only to be broken as soon as he could get something belonging to Mary or to the house, and barter it for drink.

It took only about three months of such heart-rending trials to crush the mind of the inexperienced girl, and she went mad, and John was compelled to take her to an asylum. When he realized that *he* had brought this great trouble upon himself and his young wife, he felt truly repentant, and led a sober life for a long time. He often went to Mrs. Angle for comfort, and he said if ever Mary got well again he would know how to appreciate her, for she was a good, kind, faithful wife, and he loved her with all *his* heart.

While in the asylum Mary gained many friends, and through their kindness and the skill of the good doctor her reason returned in a few months. Then her husband came for her, and though very weak, she desired to go with him, for he took her in his arms and told her how he loved her better than all the world beside, and that he truly repented of his sin towards her, and if *she only would* forgive him, he would make recompense for his past neglect.

She thought he looked as though he had reformed, and was trying to do better, and her heart was filled with joy at the idea that he loved her better than alcohol; so she freely forgave him, and counseled with him as to what was best to do for a living.

They concluded to go to Mary's father and ask his forgiveness, and see if he would not take John with him in the shop. Accordingly they went to Angle's and waited his return from his work in the evening.

As the father entered the house his eyes fell on the pair, and he determined to carry out his threat to kill John, and, seizing the butcher-knife which lay on the table he started for the young man. John, however, saw at once the reception he was about to get and made his escape. Then Angle opened the door, and ordered his grief-stricken daughter never to step on his threshold again. Mary passed out into the dreary twilight, and was soon joined by her husband. That night was spent under a shed on her parents' lot.

While they were yet in this pitiable condition, Mr. Edwards, John's father, wrote to his son, telling him if he would lead a sober life he might come home; and he would give him and his young wife a good start.

They gladly started for the Edwards' farm in Nebraska, and arriving there, were received kindly, and showed a nice little home on one part of the farm that was to be theirs if John only proved worthy.

In a few days after their arrival in their new home, Mr. Edwards gave John a team and load of apples to be sold and the proceeds used to buy furniture. He left with his father's counsel, to remember his promise and let drink alone, ringing in his ears, as well as many encouraging words from Mary.

Chance, however, led him to some of his old companions, and they went to town and drank up the wagon and team, and even the coat and hat which John wore. In a few days as Mary was anxiously waiting his return, she saw him coming slowly up the road, coatless, and with an old straw hat on which he must have stolen from a scare-crow.

What a sad, sad, meeting! Mary's young hopes were all crushed with this one blow, and she was suddenly plunged into the unutterable despair of the past. Death would have been a welcome friend, and Mary would have taken her life at that time had not the thought of her mother's love, sorrow and loneliness come up before her. Yet another storm not easy to brave was the anger of John's father. He gave the two money enough to take them back from whence they came, and never wanted to see them again.

On their way back to the city of St. Joseph, John again made good promises. They walked about five miles outside of the city and got work on a farm. Mary kept house for the farmer and John worked on the farm. Unfortunately there was old cider in Mr. Jones' cellar, and this was too much for John Edwards, who also induced a young son of Mr. Jones to keep him company.

From there they went into a small log house which stood near by. It was neither chinked nor plastered and had not an article of furniture beneath its roof. Mary once owned considerable bedding, but the profligate husband pawned every thing he possibly could to fill his thirsty stomach. When Mary desired rest, she laid her aching head on a bundle of straw, and allowed her breaking heart to throb.

Christmas day a lady who had been John's mother's bosom friend, came to see them, having heard of their condition. John told her a pitiful tale of his bad luck, mixed with a few spicy stories, and enlisted her sympathies. She gave them the necessary furniture to keep house with, and better still, *employment*. Mary worked earnestly but her husband *changed* not.

In the meantime Mrs. Angle, having received worse treat-

ment from the hands of her husband than ever before, required a divorce, and came to live with and comfort her child.

On January the 21st, 1879, a baby girl came to bless or curse the lives of the young couple, just as they chose to have it. Once more Mary took courage, thinking perhaps the little child would lead its father to a better life, but if anything, he grew worse, and would lie, or steal, or do almost anything else for *drink*! Finally the neighbors threatened to mob him if he did not leave the country, for they were willing to care for his wife and child, but not for him.

The winter was one of the coldest Missouri ever knew, and in the house where Mary was confined, the ice froze on the table, when it was washed, before it could be wiped, and the bed-clothes under which she lay were stiff as frozen water could make them. She had nothing to eat but corn bread, which had to be baked without any grease beneath it. Mary had a terrible time of sickness. They had catnip tea to feed the babe without even sugar or milk.

In four months Mary was able to sit up; at the age of six months her baby left this world of misery. Mary had never been able to *carry* it when it died. She and her mother found work in a small town called Cameron, and moved there. The weak-minded husband followed Mary here, but was soon arrested, for having assisted a band of horse thieves. He was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, afterwards receiving five years more for attempting to escape. Mary began to recover her health during the summer, and with health came happiness.

One day she went on a visit to a lady friend, and met a young man—Wm. Stray. She was well acquainted with his mother, sisters and brother, and they seemed to be very good people. He had been in Colorado and had many fine stories to tell of the country and its beauties, as well as the high wages for work. Their intimacy soon grew into love. Mary had a strong desire to go west and leave her past troubles behind. Her mother felt reluctant to give her consent, as she had before; but Mary thought he was so unlike Edwards that he must be good.

In the spring of 1881, she was married to William Stray, and after they had been married a few months there was a company starting with teams for Colorado, and they concluded to go with them across the plains to hunt gold and get rich, and live in happiness and love ever after.

In a few days after they had started, Mary began to feel that she was treated quite cool by her husband and others. There was a young lady, Alice Hunter, in the company, who had been an old sweetheart of Stray, and the two were often together. There were many heavy rains and the weather was damp all the time. This soon tied Will down with rheumatism. He grew worse and worse until he became entirely helpless, when the Hunter family had him moved to another wagon where he could lie down all the time. Thus Mary was separated from her husband, but her mother was with her still. Alice always rode in the wagon with Stray; and after a while Mary offered to stay with him and keep him company, to which he replied: "Oh, anyone couldn't rest when you are around talking; I would rather be alone."

"Why Alice don't disturb you," innocently said Mary. For which she received a curse, and was told that he wished he had never seen her.

At this Mary burst into tears, with, "Oh, Will, how can you treat me so!"

"Dry up your bellowing. You make me crazy with your complaining. You can't expect to have a man who is always

paying his attentions to you and nobody else. Go off and shut up or I'll make them stop the wagon and put you and your mother, together with what few duds you've got, off on the prairie, and maybe you'll come to your senses."

Mary returned to her only friend, her mother, and they mingled their tears, and comforted each other as best they could. After seven weeks, Stray was rendered unable to travel, and having reached a town in Colorado, they concluded to stop. The Hunters unloaded them on the bank of a small stream, and drove off, and left them to provide for themselves or die which ever they could; but a young man of the same company having more humanity, went back and took them to a settlement. Here he found what was called a Relief Society, which loaned the needy ones a tent, and a few pounds of flour. They were all nearly worn out with their long journey, and William suffered terribly. He often cursed and wished they were all in h—, and Mary at such times was filled with fear, least God would judge them by their words and curse them more than they could bear.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.

HOW to get on in life, and secure a competency, is the great struggle of the masses. The world abounds in old proverbs purporting to make the matter as "clear as the road to mill," yet very often they come as wide as possible from the mark. A man may "rise with the lark" and "work like a beaver," and "take care of the pence," yet never have the pounds to take care of. He may, by dint of scraping, and saving, and pinching, until life is as dry as a chip, amass a little hoard, which is worse than poverty with a noble manhood. But it is not these things that make a man rich, as the world commonly goes. It is being the right man in the right place. Look out for the main chance to make an honest dollar, and then improve the fleeting moment. A lad once had a chance to buy some village lots in the outskirts of a large manufacturing town. The price was the same as that of a good suit of clothes. The lots were covered with scrub oak, and did not look very inviting, while the handsome suit was very attractive. Very naturally he chose the latter, but he looked on with very regretful feelings a few years later, when he saw the ground broken on those lots for a railroad depot, and knew that a sum had been paid for them sufficient to build and furnish a handsome house.

Steady industry, combined with a wide awake intelligent observation of all that goes on in the world about him, is the best capital for success a man can have—ignorant drudgery about the poorest. I know a man who with his large family delve like slaves for sixteen hours a day, and yet, through his doltish ignorance, has squandered eleven thousand dollars, and is living on a rented farm. He is bequeathing the same cheerless, forfeitless legacy to his children. Give your children the best education in your power. Keep them wide awake and intelligent with regard to the world in which they live and you have given them a fair start in life. If they do not succeed, they cannot reproach your memory for the failure.

ALL philosophy lies in two words, "sustain," and "abstain."

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

ANGEL WORKERS.

ONE very hot day in July, we were driving over an uninteresting, dusty road, my dear father and I, many years ago, and I was feeling very tired and wishing for home, when, just as we were passing an old, desolate-looking farm-house, my father said: "This is the place where the angels came in the night and cut the old man's hay."

I was interested in a moment, always delighting in my father's stories, knowing they were sure to be true—but this sounded very strange.

"Tell me," I cried; "did they really? Did you see them?"

"Well," he replied, "the old man said so. He was very feeble and old, and his children had all left him, with only this poor little house to support himself and his aged wife. And that meadow that you see just back of the house was his pride, as well as his chief means of support, for the hay cut from it each year, when sold, bought the few necessities they needed in those days (for it happened when I was young, and people then were contented with far less than they now are)."

"But, father dear, I urged again, in my eagerness for the story, "do tell me about the angels."

"Well," he said, "One evening early in July, the old man's wife had called him several times to supper before he came, and then she noticed that he scarcely tasted his food when he did come."

"'Why, Matthew,' she said, 'what ails you that you cannot eat your supper? Hast had bad news?'"

"'Bad enough,' he muttered, 'without hearing bad news. There's the grass on that 'medder lot,' ripe and ready to be mowed, and I have just been trying again, but cannot cut a single swath with this rheumatiz in my back. For forty year that lot has been the first mowed in 'Homer;' soon the grass will be spoiled. Oh, dear! how hard it is to be lame.'"

"'Well, well,' she replied, 'you must just trust in the Lord, Matthew. You know it is written—'"

"'Yes, yes,' he said bitterly; 'I know what you will say. It is all very well to talk, but when I can't cut that grass, and have no money to hire a man to cut it, where are we going to get our flour and tea for next winter?'"

"'He will give His angels charge concerning

you,' she murmured, half to herself, for she saw that the old man was in no mood for reasoning with.

"'Tut, tut!' he cried angrily; 'you don't suppose He will send His angels down to cut my grass, do you?'"

"'With Him all things are possible,' she said, with a sad heart, for she, too, was troubled and anxious about the future."

"There was a bright, full moon, and as a party of young men were passing, late in the evening, on their way home from a 'haying frolic' (for in those early days, before mowing-machines were used in this country, that was the way farmers used to help one another), one of them exclaimed: 'Why, boys, there is 'Uncle Matthew's' lot standing yet; what can be the reason of that? The grass on that meadow is usually ahead of any in this country.'"

"'Oh,' replied one, 'the old man is very lame this summer. I saw him trying his scythe this morning, as I passed, but he couldn't handle it as he used to.'"

"'I tell you what we might do, boys,' said the first speaker, 'just turn into the meadow and mow it down while he's asleep.'"

"Some were tired and wanted to get home; but he was strong, and by shaming those who objected and urging on those who were willing, soon got all into the spirit of it."

"So they silently passed the house that the old people might not be disturbed, and soon their strong young arms were wielding the scythes. And a little after midnight the grass on that meadow lot lay in even swaths all over it. Then they silently went their way to their homes, rather tired, 'but strengthened in the way that good deeds always strengthen the doers.'"

"Next morning, the old man startled his good wife by calling her in an unusually excited manner to come to the door. 'Come quick, I say, and see what has happened.'"

"'What is it, Matthew?' she cried; 'do tell me.'"

"'Tell you,' he said; 'just come and see. Why, the Lord has sent His angels down in the night to cut my grass while we were asleep.'"

"'His holy name be praised!' was her only reply."

"Who were they, father? Have I ever seen any of them—the young men who did it?"

"It was many years ago, my child—you have seen one or two, but they are no longer young men."

Then I knew, by the look in his dark eye, that my dear father had been one of the angels who cut the old man's grass that moonlight night, so "many years ago."

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who looked from the window and saw that Joseph was dead when his body reached the ground? 2. What noticeable person stood among the murderers outside? 3. What did he do with Joseph's body? 4. What did four men then do according to Colonel Levi William's order? 5. What effects did their deed have? 6. What did the bare-footed ruffian then attempt to do? 7. What did he design doing with it? 8. As he raised the knife for the foul deed what miraculous manifestation occurred? 9. With what result?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN NO. 17.

1. WHAT was the object of the firing of guns the scuffle and threats on the part of the guard? A. It was a sham and done to make it appear that they were not in sympathy with the mob.

2. What position did the mob now take? A. They encircled the building.

3. What was their next movement? A. Some of them ran by the guard up the flight of stairs, burst open the door, and began firing. Those who were on the outside, fired through the open window.

4. What did the brethren do as soon as they knew they were attacked? A. Joseph sprang to his coat for his six-shooter, Hyrum for his single-barreled pistol, and Elder Taylor for Colonel Markham's large hickory cane.

5. What did they endeavor to do? A. To close the dooe.

6. What position did the brethren take when the balls came whistling up the stair-way and through the door? A. Joseph and Elders Taylor and Richards then moved to the left of the door; Hyrum at the same time retreated back in front of the door.

7. State how the Patriarch Hyrum Smith was murdered by the lawless mob? A. As he stepped back from the door a ball came through and struck

him on the left side of the nose, and, as he was falling backwards, a ball came through the window, entered and passed through his body. At the same instant another ball from the door grazed his breast, entered his throat and passed into his head.

8. What did he exclaim as he fell on his back upon the floor? A. "I am a dead man."

9. In the moment of extreme peril, when bullets were whistling into the room in what words did Joseph manifest his affection towards his brother Hyrum? A. "O! dear brother Hyrum!"

THE names of those who answered the Questions on Church History published in No. 17 are as follows: Mary E. Porter, Henry H. Blood, Ella Jarvis, Susie Milne, Lottie Fox, Annie Sylvia Sessions, James G. West.

THE GRUMBLER.

HIS YOUTH.

His coat was too thick, and his cap was too thin;
He couldn't be quiet, he hated a din.
He hated to write and he hated to read.
He hated to cipher in very deed.
He must study and work over books he detested.
His parents were strict, and he never was rested.
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be.
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small, and his taxes too big.
He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig.
His wife was too silly, his children too rude,
And just because he was uncommonly good.
He never had enough money to spare.
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear.
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be.
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears.
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years.
He grumbler to think he has grumbled away
His home and his fortune, his life's little day.
But alas! 'tis too late, it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim and his hair is too gray.
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be.
There is no more wretchedly wretched than he.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1888.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

WE were greatly interested and strengthened the other day in listening to one of the brethren (W. J. P——n)—who is now undergoing sentence in the penitentiary because he would not renounce his family—relate an instance of the remarkable manner in which the Lord can help people accomplish their good desires.

Some years ago at one of the General Conferences held at Salt Lake City, President Young was moved upon to call for subscriptions to help the poor Saints in the old world to emigrate. The President, himself, as well as other brethren, subscribed quite liberally for the purpose at the time, and the Bishops were requested to call upon the Saints in their various Wards when they returned home to subscribe for the same purpose. The Bishop of the Ward where Brother P——n resided, at the first meeting he held after his return, appealed to the Saints to make donations, and, in this way, show their desire for the deliverance of their poor brethren and sisters from Babylon.

Brother P——n was then quite a young man and but recently married. He possessed but little of this world's goods. Yet when the Bishop finished his remarks he was the first to respond, and said he wished to be put down for two dollars and a half.

Some people might think this was a small amount. But in Brother P——n's case it was more difficult for him to raise than one hundred times the amount would be for many persons, or for himself, perhaps, at the present time. At any rate, Sister P——n thought him altogether too ready with his tongue in making a promise of this character, and asked how he expected to raise the money. He made some jocular remark about the hens laying extra eggs, and they might get the money from their sale. To this she made some incredulous reply as to the impossibility of their eggs producing such a sum.

The time for the money to be paid had nearly arrived when they found a nest of thirty-five eggs; but no two dollars and a half had come to hand, neither was there any prospect of it being forthcoming. Saturday morning came and on the next day the Bishop expected all who had promised money to hand him the amounts.

What was Brother P——n to do?

This was a question he could not answer; neither could his wife. She had, as yet, seen no reason to change her mind as to his being too fast in promising this money.

On this Saturday morning she had just finished her churning and had made a little butter, probably not a pound in weight, for they did not have much milk, when a traveler, on his way from the mines in the north, called at the house. He wanted to buy some eggs; he had tried all around the neighborhood but could find none for sale.

"Yes," said Brother P——n, "we have some eggs;" and three dozen were produced, thirty-five of them being the eggs which had been laid away.

Gratified at finding what he wanted, the traveler next inquired if they had any butter.

Yes; they had a little which had just been churned; not very much though. And the small lump of butter was brought out.

The traveler put his hand in his pocket and handed Brother P——n a piece of gold.

Brother P——n did not know its value. He had not been long in the country and had never seen a two dollar and a half gold piece. He asked the traveler what it was.

He told him it was two dollars and a half.

"But," replied Brother P——n, "the eggs and butter are not worth half that amount."

"Oh, never mind that," said the traveler, "you keep it; you are welcome to it; I am so pleased to get the eggs and the butter."

My readers can imagine the joy of Brother P——n at being so providentially assisted to the money to keep his promise. He had been prompted, as he believed, of the Lord to speak out in meeting and subscribe this amount; and now the Lord had enabled him in this remarkable manner to keep his word.

"Now, my lass," said he, turning to his young wife, and showing her the money, "what do you think of that?"

She was overcome. This manifestation of the goodness of God and His willingness to help those who put their trust in Him was too much for her doubts. They fled. And she promised her husband that thereafter she would never distrust the Lord's ability to help them do whatever He would put in their hearts to promise.

The Editor's narration of this incident loses much of the spirit and force which accompanied Brother P——n's recital of it to him. Though it was only two dollars and a half, we felt that this transaction illustrated the principle of faith as much as if the amount had been twenty-five hundred dollars instead of two hundred and fifty cents.

IF the testimonies which the Latter-day Saints have received that the Lord hears and answers their prayers, could be compiled, what volumes it would require to hold them! God has raised up hundreds and thousands of witnesses for Himself. The Editor cannot talk with one of the brethren who is incarcerated in the penitentiary without being struck with this. These men are the salt of the earth. They have great faith, and however dark the clouds which encircle them may appear, they have implicit confidence in God and that He will come to the deliverance of His people.

This morning, while taking our morning walk in the penitentiary yard before breakfast, a young man who is confined here for marrying twice too often, gave me a little of his experience. When he married his second wife it was a great trial to his first wife. She believed in the principle of celestial marriage; but she loved her husband with an all-engrossing affection; she could not bear the thought of any of his attentions being bestowed upon another. He did all he could to humor her and to save her pain. But with all he could do, even to the sacrifice of some of the rights of the second wife, who was a quiet, yielding woman, her jealousy was very strong. This condition of affairs existed for some time. In the meantime he kept pleading with the Lord, with all the faith he could exercise, to open the understanding of his wife and to help her overcome the feeling that was disturbing her happiness.

"Well," said the Editor, "how is it with your family now?"

"I have a very happy and contented family, and the encouraging words which they send me fill me with joy."

"When I took my last wife," the young man continued, "President Taylor had received the revelation commanding the people to set their houses in order. I called my family together and did all I could to carry out the word of the Lord. But my wife still felt distressed; jealousy troubled her, and she did not appear to have power to overcome it. One morning, shortly after this, I was astonished when I met her at the change which I witnessed in her spirit and demeanor. She seemed like another woman, or perhaps I ought to say, like her old self. Sadness and depression, and every trace of jealousy had vanished. The light of the Spirit of God beamed from her countenance. In reply to my inquiries she told me that the night previous she had retired to rest a prey to emotions which made her unhappy. She could not sleep. She wanted to do right; but oh! how weak she was. While revolving these things in her mind three personages clothed in temple robes entered the room, and stood and conversed with her for some time. Jealousy and unhappiness left her; joy filled her soul; and from that time she has been all a husband could ask for or expect in a wife."

When the Lord condescends to hear and answer prayer in this and many other ways, the Latter-day Saints may well rejoice. The important point is for them to be faithful. There will be no failure on the part of the Lord. There are many ways in which He answers prayer. It does not appear as a part of His dealings with His children that all should have heavenly messengers sent to them. But in whatever manner He may vouchsafe an answer to righteous supplications offered to Him in faith, we may rest assured that these will be answered.

THE TWO APPLICANTS.

BY S. P. B.

I DO not believe two more worthy, excellent people could be found than Gideon Randal and his wife. To lift the fallen, and minister to the destitute was their constant habit and delight, so that often they shortened their own comforts for the good of others. Mr. Randal's friends urged him to reduce his charities, as such generous giving might mar his fortune and bring him to want; but his unflinching reply was,

"I think there's enough left to carry Martha and me through life, and some over. What we give to the poor, we lend to the Lord, and if a dark day comes, He will provide."

A dark day did come, but it was not till after he had reached threescore and ten years. As old age advanced, his little farm had become less productive, and debts accumulated. Being forced to raise money, he had borrowed a thousand dollars of Eugene Harrington, giving him a mortgage on his house for security. The interest was regularly paid, and with this Esquire Harrington was well satisfied; but he died suddenly, and his son, a merciless, grasping man, wrote to Mr. Randal, demanding payment of the mortgage. The old man asked for an extension of time, but he pressed the demand, and threatened if it was not settled within a given time, to deprive him of his home. Mr. Randal was greatly distressed.

"Martha," he said to his wife, "young Harrington is a hard man. He has me in his power now, and I fear he will not scruple to ruin me. I think I had better go and talk with

him, and tell him how little I have. Maybe he'll pity two old people, and allow us better terms."

"But, husband, you are not used to traveling, and Harrowtown is a hundred miles away, and you are old and feeble, too."

"True, wife, but I can say a great deal more than I can write, and besides, Luke Conway lives there. I took an interest in him when he was a poor boy. Perhaps he'll advise and help me, now that I'm in trouble."

At last, seeing he felt that he must go, Martha reluctantly consented, and fitted him out with wifely care.

The next morning was warm and sunny for November, and Mr. Randal started for Harrowtown.

"Gideon," called Mrs. Randal, as he walked slowly down the road, "be sure and take tight hold of the railing when you get in and out of the cars,—and don't forget to eat your ginger-bread and doughnuts."

"I'll be careful. You take good care of yourself, Martha;" and, with a parting look, the old man hastened on to take the stage which was to convey him to the railroad station. But misfortune met him at the very outset of his journey. The stage was heavily loaded, and on the way, one of the wheels broke down, which caused such a detention that Mr. Randal missed the morning train, and the next did not come for several hours.

It was afternoon finally when he started. He was weary from long waiting, anxious and flurried; and after three stations had been passed, he began to ask questions.

"How long before we get to Harrowtown?" he inquired, stopping the busy conductor.

"We get there at half-past eight."

Another question was upon Mr. Randal's lips, but the conductor had hurried on. He looked round as if to appeal to some one else, but turned back, talking to himself. "Not get there till into the evening," he said, "and pitch dark, for there's no moon now. I sha'n't know where to go." The poor old man was sorely troubled.

Presently the conductor came back, and as he passed his seat, he stopped him again.

"Mr Conductor, how shall I know where to get out? I've never been to Harrowtown, and I don't want to get out at the wrong place."

"Give yourself no concern," was the polite reply. "I'll tell you when we come to Harrowtown: I won't forget you."

Soothed by the assurance, Mr. Randal's mind grew tranquil, and he finally went to sleep.

In the seat behind him sat a tall, handsome boy. His name was Albert Gregory. He was bright and intelligent, but his well-featured face was spoiled by a wicked-looking eye and a hard, cruel mouth.

He saw the aged passenger fall asleep, and nudged his seat-fellow.

"Look there, John. By-and-by, I'll play a joke on the old country greeny—and you'll see fun."

On rushed the swift express; mile after mile was passed; daylight faded, and the lamps were lit in the cars, and still the aged man slept, watched by his purposed tormentor, and the other boy who wanted to see "fun."

At length the speed of the train began to slacken, coming nearer a stopping-place. Albert sprang up and shook Mr. Randal violently.

"Wake up! Wake up!" he called sharply, putting his mouth close to his ear. "This is Harrowtown. You must get off here."

The old man, thus roughly roused, started from his seat and gazed around him, bewildered.

The change from day to night, the unaccustomed waking and moving train, the glare of the lights, added tenfold to his confusion.

"Wh—did you say, boy?" he asked, helplessly.

"This is Harrowtown. The place where you want to stop. You must get off. Be quick, or you'll be carried by."

The noise of the brakes, and distracted attention of the passengers on reaching a new station,—possibly ignorance of the real locality on the part of those near enough to have heard him,—prevented any correction of the boy's cruel falsehood. Mr. Randal knew it was not the conductor who had aroused him; but, supposing Albert to be some employee of the road, he hurried to the car door with tottering steps. The name of the station was called at the other end,—as unlike as possible to the name of "Harrowtown,"—but his dull ears did not notice it. He got off upon the platform, and before he could recover himself or know his error, the train was in motion again.

Albert was in ecstasies over the success of his "joke," and shook all over with laughter, in which, of course, his companion joined. "O dear! that's too good for anything!" he cried, "aint it, John?"

John assented that it was very funny indeed.

Neither of the boys noticed that the seat lately occupied by poor deceived Mr. Randal had just been taken by a fine-looking, middle-aged man, wrapped in a heavy cloak, who appeared to be absorbed in his own thoughts, but really heard every thing they said.

They kept up a brisk conversation, Albert speaking in quite a loud tone, for he was feeling very merry. "Ha, ha, ha!—but I did think the old fool would hear the brakeman call the station, though. I didn't suppose I could get him any further than the door. To think of him clambering clear out on the platform, and getting left! He believed every word I told him. What a delicious old simpleton!"

And having exhausted that edifying subject for the moment, he presently began to brag of his plans and prospects.

"I don't think you stand much of a chance there: they say Luke Conway's awful particular," the middle-aged stranger heard John remark.

"Pooh! shut up!" cried Albert. "Particular! That's just it—and makes my chance all the better. I've brought the kind of recommendation that a particular man wants you see."

"But there'll be lots of other fellows trying for the place."

"Don't care if there's fifty," said Albert. "I'd come in ahead of 'em all. I've got testimonials of character and qualifications from Prof. Howe, Rev. Joseph Lee, Dr. Henshaw, and Esquire Jenks, the great railroad conductor. His name alone is enough to secure me the situation."

At this juncture, the strange gentleman turned around and gave Albert a quick, searching glance. But the conceited boy was too much occupied with himself to notice the movement, and kept on talking. Now and then the thought of the victim whom he had fooled seemed to come back and tickle him amazingly. "Wonder where the old man is now. Ha, ha, ha! Do you suppose he has found out where Harrowtown is? Oh, but wasn't it rich to see how scared he was when I waked him up? And how he jumped and scrambled out of the car! 'Pon my word, I never saw anything so comical." Here the stranger turned again and shot another quick glance,

this time from indignant eyes, and his lips parted as if about to utter a stern reproof. But he did not speak. Some hidden motive withheld him.

We will now leave Albert and his fellow-travelers, and follow good Gideon Randal.

It was quite dark when he stepped from the cars, and he inquired of a man at the station,

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Aaron Harrington?"

"There's no such man living here, to my knowledge," was the reply.

"What, isn't this Harrowtown?" asked Mr. Randal, in great consternation.

"No, it is Whipple's Village."

"Then I got out at the wrong station. What shall I do?" in a voice of deep distress.

"Go right to the hotel and stay till the train goes in the morning," said the man, pleasantly.

There was no alternative. Mr. Randal passed a restless night at the hotel, and at an early hour he was again at the station, waiting for the train. His face was pale, and his eyes wild and anxious. "The stage broke down, and I missed the first train," thought he, "and then that boy told me to get out here. I've made a bad beginning, and I'm afraid this trip will have a bad ending."

There were other passengers walking to and fro on the platform, waiting for the cars to come.

One was a plain-featured looking boy, who had been accompanied to the station by his mother. Just before his mother bade him "goodby," she said,

"Lyman, look at that pale, sad old man. I don't believe he is used to traveling. Perhaps you can help him along."

Soon a loud, prolonged whistle was heard. The cars were coming.

"Allow me to assist you, sir," said Lyman Dean to Mr. Randal, as the train stopped; and he took hold of his arm, and guided him into a car to a seat.

"Thank you, my boy. I'm getting old and clumsy, and a little help from a young hand comes timely. Where are you going, if I may ask?"

"To Harrowtown, sir. I saw an advertisement for a boy in a store, and I'm going to try and get the situation. My name is Lyman Dean."

"Ah? I'm sure I wish you success, Lyman, for I believe you're a good boy. You are going to the same place I am. I want to find Aaron Harrington, but I've had two mishaps. I don't know what's coming next."

"I'll show you right where his office is. I've been in Harrowtown a good many times."

(To be Continued.)

MORALITY is not grace, because it doth not change nature: if it did, many of the heathen were as near to God as the best of Christians. Whatever may be done by the strength of nature cannot alter it; for no nature can change itself. Poison may be great within the skin like a viper's; but freedom from gross sins argues not a friendship for God. None were ever so great enemies to Christ as the Pharisees, to whom Christ gave no other title than that of the devil's children, and charges them with hatred both of Himself and Father.

STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION FOR THE YEAR 1887.

STAKES.	No. of Scholars Reported.	No. of Male Officers and Teachers.	No. of Female Officers and Teachers.	Total No. of Officers and Teachers.	Average Attendance of Officers and Teachers.	No. of Male Pupils.	No. of Female Pupils.	Total No. of Pupils.	Average Attendance of Pupils.	Total No. of Officers, Teachers and Pupils.	No. of Theological Classes.	No. of Bible and Testament Classes.	No. of Moral and Non-Moral Classes.	No. of Doctrine and Covenant Classes.	No. of Juvenile Instructor Classes.	No. of Catechism Classes.	No. of Miscellaneous Classes.	Total No. Classes.	No. of Books in Library.	Am't of Funds on Hand at end of Last Year.	Amount of Funds Collected.	Amount of Funds Disbursed.	Amount of Funds in Treasury.	SUPERINTENDENTS.	
Bannock . . .	12	113	71	184	89	488	425	913	472	1,097	9	16	8	2	3	1	2	56	92	491	36'31	83 12	81 20	38 23	Wm. J. Young.
Bear Lake . . .	21	210	150	360	241	1,123	982	2,105	1,273	2,465	15	60	16	9	5	5	14	97	216	1,305	13 50	190 20	149 80	53 90	Andrew Galloway.
Beaver . . .	5	52	48	100	61	301	327	628	462	728	5	5	4	1	1	1	3	39	59	355	30 25	203 10	203 10	1 50	W. Fotheringham.
Box Elder . . .	18	136	134	270	227	787	867	1,654	1,198	1,984	10	36	20	14	8	9	107	107	264	1,696	64 50	234 26	238 11	60 65	Justin C. Wixom.
Cache . . .	23	329	246	575	405	2,285	2,306	4,591	3,139	5,219	47	82	32	12	16	47	124	360	3,288	193 10	622 15	521 15	294 08	0. C. Ormsby.	
Cassia . . .	5	48	32	80	50	210	238	448	274	528	2	6	6	4	4	6	22	22	47	369	7 05	76 79	46 20	37 64	O. P. Bates.
Davis . . .	12	127	109	236	165	975	842	1,817	1,133	2,053	6	28	20	7	3	3	73	145	3,102	104 95	275 25	301 14	79 06	25 05	Nathan T. Porter.
Eastern Arizona	7	55	37	92	63	190	194	384	260	476	5	12	5	5	3	3	27	57	212	3 70	25 10	3 75	25 05	John A. West.	
Emery . . .	8	102	65	167	88	349	311	660	393	827	7	13	9	4	1	1	33	106	550	15 00	29 20	41 85	2 55	Peter Johnson.	
Junab . . .	4	84	50	134	94	416	428	844	565	978	3	13	9	5	5	1	53	87	875	20 60	88 75	101 80	7 55	Wm. Paxman.	
Kanab . . .	5	33	44	77	52	206	234	440	314	517	6	3	3	1	7	5	22	47	46	9 76	23 75	20 22	13 29	C. H. Oliphant.	
Little Colorado	6	35	17	52	33	95	72	167	111	219	1	4	3	4	2	2	17	33	210	3 80	8 40	5 45	6 75	John McLaws.	
Maricopa . . .	4	37	30	67	47	199	189	388	238	455	2	4	3	2	2	2	20	37	261	33 70	7 25	22 70	18 25	Geo. W. Lewis.	
Millard . . .	8	108	89	197	118	530	624	1,154	757	1,351	14	20	11	3	6	3	55	112	465	102 25	225 93	196 41	131 77	J. L. Robinson.	
Morgan . . .	11	90	51	141	94	347	286	633	413	774	4	18	9	2	4	7	46	90	743	18 61	100 89	100 40	19 10	John K. Hall.	
Oneida . . .	15	177	113	290	175	676	590	1,266	772	1,556	19	22	12	8	3	11	81	156	112	13 75	144 58	130 98	27 35	W. L. Webster.	
Panguitch . . .	6	74	60	134	86	322	310	632	435	775	5	12	10	6	3	5	46	80	642	6 00	12 00	17 50	50	Riley G. Clark.	
Parowan . . .	10	67	44	111	79	399	363	762	531	873	3	21	12	6	3	3	38	88	731	80 53	34 65	67 30	47 88	Jos. H. Armstrong.	
Salt Lake . . .	43	611	410	1021	726	4,318	4,368	8,686	5,729	9,707	53	165	68	36	15	17	241	595	6,928	699 22	914 30	1,975 61	737 91	John G. Cutler.	
Snappete . . .	23	333	255	608	394	1,690	1,783	3,473	2,397	4,081	29	82	35	15	11	28	157	357	3,613	206 41	553 48	640 50	119 39	John B. Maiben.	
San Juan . . .	5	34	28	62	42	137	112	249	193	311	3	5	3	4	1	8	16	40	248	1 35	5 26	6 61	17 40	Jas. B. Decker.	
San Luis . . .	7	61	33	94	55	268	248	516	307	610	4	12	5	5	2	3	24	50	469	2 19	107 85	92 58	17 46	Wm. Christenson.	
Sewier . . .	27	208	175	383	224	1,121	1,070	2,191	1,522	2,574	25	37	17	6	7	24	94	210	1,418	51 61	253 07	237 92	66 76	H. P. Miller.	
St. George . . .	29	178	156	334	210	819	838	1,657	1,083	1,991	22	47	32	12	4	11	94	222	1,085	84 00	142 07	189 85	36 22	A. R. Whitehead.	
St. Joseph . . .	8	79	61	140	77	339	323	662	404	802	5	12	11	9	4	1	54	96	478	22 10	139 39	135 60	25 89	John W. Johnson.	
Summit . . .	11	2	46	59	155	541	540	1,081	610	1,236	5	19	7	3	1	16	51	102	640	68 60	177 70	150 95	95 35	John Boyden.	
Tooele . . .	8	95	49	144	84	457	397	854	454	998	13	17	14	7	2	8	35	99	640	75 10	247 90	181 98	141 02	Wm. Jeffries.	
Utah . . .	7	50	50	100	51	279	287	566	303	666	2	11	5	1	1	5	35	60	364	25	22 90	10 75	12 40	Jos. H. Gardiner.	
Wasatch . . .	25	530	293	823	518	2,799	2,871	5,670	3,727	6,493	24	124	82	24	14	36	167	471	4,214	528 24	1,027 14	1,085 57	469 81	David John.	
Weber . . .	9	102	88	190	107	527	579	1,106	685	1,296	6	16	8	4	5	4	62	105	800	29 84	89 38	93 13	26 09	Samuel J. Wing.	
TOTALS	408	25,472	3,282	8,024	5,145	25,171	24,889	50,060	32,567	58,084	376	1,007	509	230	145	309	2,419	4,995	41,959	592 58	243 67	1,627 62	762 80	Richard Ballantyne.	

During the latter part of the year, 1887, Snowflake, St. John's and Cassia Stakes were organized, and the Eastern Arizona and Little Colorado Stakes discontinued. The Sunday schools of the new stake, Malad, which were formerly included in the Box Elder and Oneida Stakes not being reported for 1887, makes the strength of the Sunday school cause appear less than it really was. Regular reports of the Sunday schools in the Sandwich Islands show that these organizations are maintained there with commendable energy.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, General Superintendent,
 GEORGE GODDARD, 1st Assistant Superintendent,
 JOHN MORGAN, 2nd Assistant Superintendent,
 LEVI W. RICHARDS, Secretary,
 GEORGE REYNOLDS, Treasurer,
 JOHN C. CUTLER, Assistant Secretary.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE present article is written by the Editor within the walls of the Utah penitentiary. On Monday, the 17th of September, accompanied by three friends, he drove down to the office of the U. S. Marshal, Frank H. Dyer, and gave himself up.

The court was about to convene, and in the custody of the marshal and accompanied by attorneys Franklin S. Richards and Le Grand Young, he walked into the court room. Upon the announcement by George S. Peters, Esq., that George Q. Cannon was in court to answer to indictments which had been found against him for unlawful cohabitation, two indictments were read, charging him with living with certain women, whose names were given, as his wives, to which he pled guilty. For the offence charged in the first indictment Judge Sandford inflicted the penalty of imprisonment for seventy-five days in the penitentiary and a fine of two hundred dollars; for the offence charged in the second indictment the court inflicted a penalty of one hundred days imprisonment in the penitentiary and a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. It required but a few minutes to complete the business, and the marshal and his prisoner drove out immediately to the penitentiary.

The news of this surrender and trial was doubtless received by the public with considerable surprise, as no intimation that such action would be taken had leaked out. Those who had been most eager for my apprehension and had been urging greater activity on the part of the marshal and his deputies to secure my person and had prompted the offering of rewards to those who would betray me, appeared to be more surprised and disappointed than any others at my appearance in court.

Though explanations for my taking this action at this time are necessarily personal, and therefore give me a feeling of delicacy in dwelling upon them, it appears to me to be due to my readers that I should touch upon them.

My position before the country and the courts, I have felt, has been different from that of almost all my brethren. I had been arrested, was in custody and was released on \$45,000 bonds. At the time these excessive bonds were given I fully expected to appear in court to answer to the charges brought against me. But the vindictiveness of the prosecution was so apparent; in the first place in bringing me to Salt Lake City in a car guarded by a detachment of soldiers, who, with loaded guns, stood at the doors inside and around my couch where I lay bruised and helpless; and in the second place, in demanding such heavy bonds—the heaviest bonds ever required in the history of jurisprudence for misdemeanors—that my friends became convinced I could have no fair trial and that the design was to heap convictions upon me that would either result in my incarceration for long years or in my destruction. I was counseled not to appear at the time appointed and to let my bonds be forfeited.

Notwithstanding I had implicit confidence in the source from whence this counsel came, it appeared to me that if I accepted it, my future influence would be greatly injured, if not entirely ruined. But I did accept and act upon it; yet never before, in all my experience, was I so tried in my feelings as on that occasion; my consolation was that the Lord knew my heart and I might safely leave my vindication to Him.

Since that time I have cherished the hope that the time would come when I could meet in court the charges made against me. I have felt ready to do this whenever there was

a probability that I could be treated with any degree of fairness. In fact, I have not been able to see how, under any circumstances, it could honorably be avoided. Personal considerations alone did not prompt me to take this view. I felt that I owed it to all the members of the Church, and especially to the leading men in the Church. While I abstained from meeting these charges in court my conduct could be made a cause of opprobrium to the people. They could be taunted with my forfeiture of my bonds, and my evasion of the consequences of my arrest. To the Apostles and leading Elders my example could be pointed to as a reproach; we might be accused of a willingness to counsel others to be steadfast and firm in advocacy and defence of our principles and practices; to talk brave words; but when it came to deeds and to the test, as shown in the case of George Q. Cannon, he was found wanting and ready to forfeit his bonds and shelter himself from the operations of the law.

Whatever the importance of these considerations may be, they are not the only ones which had weight with me in leading me to give myself up. I was clearly impressed that it was the Lord's will that I should do so. This of itself was sufficient for me. Upon this, after consulting with my brethren to whom I had convenient access, I acted, with the results which I have stated. In doing this I have had no other feeling than perfect satisfaction and pleasure. It is a cause of rejoicing to be able to share with the Saints all the persecutions which may be heaped upon us because of our religion. Perhaps, also, it is not too much to hope that, now my case is disposed of, at least for the present, it may prepare the way for a better understanding and a more humane and reasonable execution of the law.

When I had concluded to take this step, I only waited for the appointment of the successor to Judge Zane. It is not necessary to explain why I was averse to Judge Zane receiving any of the credit of my surrender. It was to be presumed from the reports which had preceded Judge Sandford that he would administer the law in a different spirit to that which had animated his predecessor. Mine was the first case of unlawful cohabitation tried before Judge Sandford. For obvious reasons I preferred that it should be.

Though there has been no cessation of late in the prosecutions and convictions under the Edmunds-Tucker law, yet the arrival of the new Chief-Justice and of the Judge for the fourth district has been welcomed by the people with satisfaction. They are glad to have a change. A more considerate, fair and humane administration of the law has been desired. The people have been outraged at the excesses which have been committed in the name of law. Since the commencement of the crusade in the autumn of 1884 there has been but little fair prosecution of Latter-day Saints. Almost every trial has been accompanied by the evidences of religious hatred and persecution. Men of prominence have been especially sought for, and when arrested and tried, have been made to feel they were particular objects of vengeance. For this reason many men have avoided arrest, and there has been in this Territory what may be truthfully termed a reign of judicial terror. What chance for a fair trial have victims, who for any reason are obnoxious to the prosecution, when judicial officers express regret that they cannot inflict more severe penalties than the law prescribes, and juries know they are expected to convict!

However cruel and unconstitutional the Latter-day Saints may think the Edmunds-Tucker law to be, they would be willing to endure its operation with much less complaint if they could have:

First, Prosecuting officers free from vindictiveness and no more anxious to convict men under that law than offenders under any other law.

Second, Juries who know they are not expected to bring in verdicts of guilty upon the most flimsy evidence, or upon that, which in cases under other laws, would not be considered evidence at all.

And, third, Unbiased courts, determined to administer the law without fear or favor, and with fair consideration and humanity.

If this condition of affairs should prevail in our courts, there would be a feeling of relief throughout the entire community, and men, women and children would view the courts and officers of the law with that respect to which they should ever be entitled.

WHAT THE SANDWICH ISLAND CHILDREN ARE DOING.

BY HOMESPUN.

THE little people in Utah are quite familiar with fairs; and also know what is required of them for a Primary Fair.

Now you must know quite a good work is being done here in this direction, and I am going to give you a little history of the beginning of the work.

About a year ago our school teacher, Brother Frederick Beesley, happened to be at a school a few miles from here, and saw the little girls working at some little fancy things such as tidies, also sewing a little. It struck him that it would do a great deal of good to organize something of that sort at Laie.

Accordingly, he enlisted his wife in his enterprise and during the winter she commenced teaching the little girls the use of the needle. A few little things were made, such as mats, aprons and book-sacks. Meanwhile, Sister E. Noall, who is the president of the Hui Manawa Lea (Relief Society) had announced to the natives that a fair would be held at Laie during the April Conference.

Towards spring Sister Beesley concluded to have her little girls turn their labors to the purpose of helping out the fair.

Sister King (our president's wife) made a number of pretty things for the coming exhibition.

The natives were busily engaged making all sorts of native ornaments and quilts, at which work they are very expert. Indeed, many of the quilts made by these dusky sisters far excel anything of the kind I have ever seen at home.

Poor Sister Beesley, how weary she found the task she had set herself! A lot of frowsy, strong-smelling, untidy, noisy, ignorant girls, all the way from eight to fourteen, had to be taught with infinite patience how first to handle a needle or crochet-hook, then to fashion something with it.

But that which has grown out of this small beginning is destined, I am convinced, to work a revolution among the women of Laie.

So much were their small efforts appreciated that now, this term, behold the mothers and older sisters have come to share in this knowledge.

The fair of last April (of which I wish I had time to tell you) was a success. Encouraged, Sister Noall determined to have another, to be held this October.

Now see the results! Sisters King and Beesley (who are counselors to Sister Noall) have taken upon themselves the labor of instructing not only the girls but the women, even to the gray-headed ones, to make so many useful and also pretty things. And also Sister Noall, who lives in Honolulu, is busy with the sisters there in the same way.

I wish you could come in any day now and see the black-haired, dark-skinned women and children all busily, quietly, eagerly working at mats, tidies, baby hoods and socks, crochet work for pillow-slips and clothes, shoulder shawls, and two good old sisters, Kapu and Na Papale, have actually knit a pair of stockings each. Such slow, laborious work it was, too. They are old, and one is nearly blind, it is really wonderful how they have had the patience to persevere.

Awhile ago Sister King had a stamping outfit sent her, and since then she has been kept busy stamping bibs, aprons for old and young, and even nice white dresses. She has had to send and buy more powder, so eager are they to work the pretty things thus made.

You must know that all this labor performed by these white sisters is entirely a work of love. And it is an arduous task. Back, eyes and nerves ache with exhaustion after an afternoon spent with the large crowd which collects now almost daily in the mission-house.

I often tell them (Sisters King and Beesley) they are to be "maholoed" for their great patience.

I also remind them of the speech little seven year old Lulu consoled Sister Beesley with, when she was laboring with her girls in the winter.

She, cross and overtired with the constant strain, said wearily.

"Oh, I am tired to death of it all. They wear my patience to a thread."

"Never mind. Aunt Nell," says Lulu, consolingly, "you are working for the kingdom!"

And so it has proved. The beginning so humbly made has grown and developed into a thing of great use and beauty.

A vivid interest is created in the minds of the natives in their meetings, and they have found a new and wide channel in which to turn their idle thoughts and hands.

Besides, the little girls receive incalculable good from being so constantly under the influence of the white sisters.

Have I tired you? If not, dear little friends, perhaps I shall have something more to tell you on this subject when our fair is over.

One moral draw from this recital. Don't despise the *little* things—the small beginnings. The poet says, "the mighty trees from tiny acorns grow."

INJURIES.—Tell us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of honor, who take sudden fire at each insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men, whom every fancied affront puts in such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the quick, and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced, whether you are, indeed, the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect?

A SEALED CITY.

BY KENNON.

A LITTLE more than eighteen hundred years ago there was a superb little city at the mouth of the Sarnus river in Italy. Its palaces and galleries, its temples and forums were under the shadow of the mighty mountain of Vesuvius; and it looked out upon the sapphire waters of the Bay of Naples. The real origin of the magnificent town was lost in the mythological past; but its citizens proudly boasted that Hercules had laid its foundations when he desired a serene resting place after the successful performance of the twelve stupendous labors which had been commanded by Eurystheus. Within its walls had dwelt the greatest orator the classic world ever produced — Marcus Tullius Cicero; and to its peace and loveliness had come scores of other noble Romans to find refreshing ease. Its gentle slopes were crowned with villas enriched with all the beauties of chaste architecture, masterly sculpture and paintings. Its idolatrous sanctuary to the "Queen of Heaven" was a beacon of marble to the mariners traversing the Tyrrhenian sea. Through its murmuring tide portals came the graceful ships from all civilized maritime nations. Men called this radiant city, Pompeii.

Sixty-two years of the Christian era had passed away, and on the succeeding 5th day of February the earth appeared to be bursting from its shell. A shock passed through the heart of Pompeii, the waters trembled in their basin as if they meditated overwhelming the land, the wooded hills and mountains seemed toppling from their rooted base; and when the earthquake had passed it left behind a terrible heritage of woe and loss. This was the warning; but the Pompeiians heeded it not. Their pagan oracles were dumb. So the inhabitants of that fated city rebuilt their markets, restored and readorned their sculptured halls, and with another decade hearts were as buoyant and laughter was as bright as the sparkling waves of the swelling bay.

Sixteen years elapsed after the earth first sounded its dread note of doom, and frequently during that time low mutterings from the mountains and the sea were heard at Pompeii. But still princely pleasure held sway in palace and garden. On the 24th day of August, 79, A. D., a huge black cloud rose

from the apex of Vesuvius; and in an hour the mass had burst and was raining rocks, ashes and pumice upon the region surrounding. The terror-stricken inhabitants of Pompeii seized their gold and jewels and fled distracted from the spot. The majority of them, probably 20,000, saved their lives; but some hundreds either through misfortune or avarice were slain by the angry shower. No lava accompanied the eruption but the deposit of ashes was so great that the majestic Pompeii, as well as Herculaneum and Stabiae, was buried and sealed from human sight.

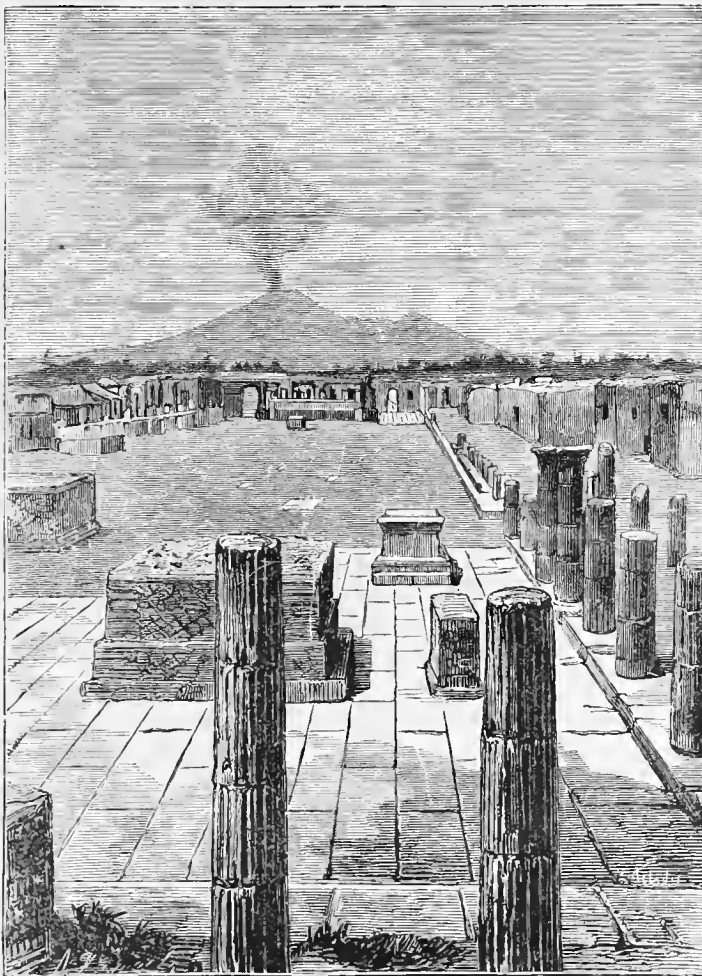
The Sarnus was hurled back from its ancient course; the beach was raised and the waters driven a mile to seaward; the people scattered into other cities and countries; and soon the

very site upon which the glorious town had stood was given over to desolation and lost to human knowledge.

In the course of centuries a poor little hamlet was raised near the fatal spot by unlettered peasants who never dreamed of the grandeur sleeping beneath their feet. In 1689, some ruins were accidentally uncovered, but their real significance was not appreciated until 1755, when excavations were begun under direction of the Neapolitan government. The work of unearthing the wonderfully preserved treasures of Pompeii has continued until the present time; and the excavation has opened a world of information for archaeologists. While other ancient cities have been subject to the mutations of time—changing their customs and modifying their appearance with the shifting fashions of the centuries, Pompeii has rooms, palaces, even whole squares very much, except for outward decay, as they were eighteen hundred years

ago. The protecting ashes have cherished jealously and faithfully much of the city's classic wealth; and complete apartments, rarely adorned, have been found in excavating just as they were left by their distracted owners on that dread day of August nearly seventy-nine years after the opening of our Lord's era.

Jars of water and ovens filled with half-baked bread have been frequently unearthed. Well preserved statuary, paintings and other specimens of the highest ancient art are among the rich discoveries. Twenty years ago the search reached the temple of Juno; and from its ruins were taken two hundred skeletons, evidently the remains of poor pagan creatures who vainly sought protection from their doom at the sanctuary of the wife of Zeus.



We present herewith an excellent engraving of Vesuvius and a portion of the excavated city. This picture is almost identical with a photograph of the same scene. The entire mountain in the background is Vesuvius, an elevation which rises alone from the plain. It is thirty miles in circumference and four thousand feet in height. It is divided into two crests, the higher being the crater of Vesuvius itself and the other being known as Somma.

In the foreground of the engraving is the *Foro Civile* of Pompeii as it now appears after its long burial. On either side the houses are seen to stretch away into the distance.

A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

BY C.

THE following incident in the extensive missionary experience of Elder Lewellyn Harris, as related by a friend, is worthy of record as illustrative of the curious way in which the Spirit of God sometimes prompts men to act, and the invariable success attending them when they heed its whisperings:

Elder Harris was laboring, at the time of this occurrence, in Texas, where he made his journeys through the sparsely settled country on a trusty horse. One day his duties compelled him to make a long trip through a region of country where there were no human habitations, nor could water be obtained. After having traveled most of the day, he approached toward evening a ranch whereon was employed a large force of men.

He and his animal were both hungry and tired, yet he had no money with which to procure the needed refreshments or place of repose.

While questioning in his mind as to whether or not it would be best to reveal his identity, and thus be liable to a refusal of food and lodging, he was impressed to act as though he was a member of the ranch force, and not make known his errand until later in the evening. He accordingly rode up, and, after watering and feeding his animal, marched to the dining hall with the workmen. His inner man being satisfied he turned to his neighbor and asked if he and his companions would not like to hear some preaching during the interval before retiring.

"Yes, I would," answered the one who was questioned, "and I will go and get the consent of the 'boss' for you to speak if you will."

The man shortly returned with permission to use the dining hall as a chapel, with Brother Harris as the parson, and the boisterous workmen seated themselves quietly about to listen to the sermon. Even the 'boss' did not fail to attend.

Elder Harris humbly arose and in a plain, straight-forward manner expounded to the astonished audience the first principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Unused to much religious teaching these rough men still felt the power of the preacher's spirit and sat spell-bound under the exposition of his doctrine, and from the time he commenced until he ceased speaking there occurred not a single interruption to his discourse.

During his remarks the speaker had taken occasion to tell who he was and the object of his visit to that country.

When he had finished speaking a dead silence occurred for a short time when the foreman arose and said:

"Now I don't believe much in sermons, but this man's preachin' just suits me, and I am in favor of givin' him a lift, and all you who feel like it can do the same."

With this remark he took his hat, threw a piece of money into it and then passed it around. No one of that rough crowd failed to donate to the worthy cause. A nice sum of money was collected and handed to Elder Harris, he was provided with a comfortable bed, and the next morning went on his way with the best wishes of his new-found friends.

PUSH.

IN a certain banking house there is a door which is large and heavy. It is always closed and to a careless observer it looks as though it would take a strong man to push it open. On the front of it is a small plate bearing in large letters the single word "Push."

So if you have any business with that house you walk up boldly and give that door a vigorous push. To your surprise it swings open easily, though so large and heavy, for special care has been taken to make it yield thus readily. It is put there to complete the needed enclosure, but not to hinder or impede those having right to entrance.

Now young friends, remember that each of you in the journey of life will frequently come across closed doors, figuratively speaking, exactly like that we have just described. Ever and anon in the path of duty you will find barriers loom up which it requires exercise of will and energy to effectually set aside. When you encounter them do not stand perplexed and helpless before them, but do what you are invited to do at the door of that banking house—"push;" promptly and energetically thrust the obstacle aside.

Every pursuit, every trade and every profession has something in the way which seems to bar your progress in following it; if you are not brave and determined in dealing with such obstacles, life for you will be a failure indeed. Do not be discouraged, then, nor yet turn aside in vain quest of freer access by other than the common toil-marked route. Give the door a push; that is the only way to gain sure and prompt admission.

Do not, we beg, let any of our young readers fall into line with those we constantly see on either hand, standing idly whining that some door of usefulness does not open before them. Doors there are enough ready to respond to due exertion, but they are not going to unclose by magic, or without this effort. If you want to get ahead keep on pushing; nine cases out of ten you will find the operation no more burdensome than that performed with the door in this banking establishment.

Timidity harms no less than presumption under certain circumstances and is scarcely less despicable in the same relation, in those who surrender to its influence. Between arrogance and cowardice, between ruthless ambition and thriftlessness there is a well defined and laudable mean; it is the path of duty and industry. Seek it and keep to it, reading the sign "push" and putting the direction into practice on every hindrance that comes before you.

THOSE who have obtained the farthest insight into nature have been in all ages firm believers in God.

TRUST IN GOD AND PERSEVERE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

JOS. G. FONES.

1. Broth - er is life's morn-ing eloud - ed. Has the sun - light ceased to shine?

Is the earth in dark-ness shroud - ed? Would'st thou at thy lot re - pine?

Cheer up Broth - er, let thy vis - ion Look a - bove, see, light is near.

Soon will come the next tran - si - tion Trust in God and per - se - vere.

Brother, all things round are calling
 With united voice, be strong,
 Though the wrongs of earth be galling,
 They must lose their strength ere long.
 Yes, my brother, though life's trouble
 Drive thee near to dark despair,
 Soon 'twill vanish like a bubble,
 Trust in God and persevere.

He, from his high throne in heaven,
 Watches every step you take,
 He will see each fetter riven,
 Which your foes in anger make.
 Cheer up, brother, He has power
 To dry up the bitter tear,
 And though darkest tempests lower,
 Trust in God, and persevere.

LOSSES.—A man seems never to know what anything means till he has lost it; and this, I suppose, is the reason why losses—vanishing away of things—are among the teachings of this world of shadows. The substance, indeed, teacheth, but the vacuity, whence it has disappeared, yet more. The full significance of those words, property, ease, health—the wealth of meaning that lies in the fond epithets, parent, child, friend—we never know till they are taken away: till, in place of the bright, visible being, comes the awful and desolate shadow, where nothing is—where we stretch our hands in vain, and strain our eyes upon dark and dismal vacuity. Still, in that vacuity, we do not lose the object that we loved; it only becomes more real to us. Thus do blessings not only brighten when they depart, but are fixed in enduring reality; and friendship itself receives its everlasting seal beneath the cold impress of death.

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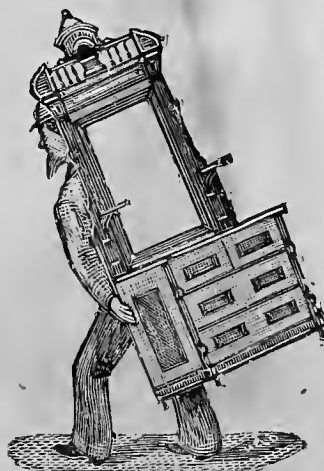
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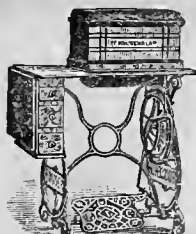
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